This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com

3 3433 11206 8501

NCM

Hood, Thomas, 1799-1845.
Fair Ines.
[cop.188?]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THERE'S NONE SO FAIR AS CAN COMPARE - WITH YOU MY BURNING DESIRE --
WHATCHA PUTTIN' IN YOUR COAT HAROLD?
NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS - YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND! YOU AIN'T DRY BEHIND TH' EARS YET!
YOU AIN'T DRY BEHIND TH' EARS EITHER! Y'OL SMARTY!
Hood. Thanks Fall Lines
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT - THIS POEM IS MY SUPREME EFFORT AND IT OUGHTA SLAY HER!
SIS WON'T BE READY FOR AGES - AND SHE SAYS FOR YOU TO PARK TH' BODY IN TH SOFA - BIG STUFF!
OKAY TUFFY LOVELY WEATHER ISN'T IT?
TUFFY! TUFFY - COME HERE THIS INSTANT!
HOLY CATS, IF MA FINDS THIS FROG IN MY POCKET I'LL GET A LACING!
I'LL JUST SLIP IN TH INSIDE POCKE OF HAROLD'S COAT - PASS TH' BUCK TO BIG STUFF HE KIN HANDLE IT!
SEE? WHAT TH'?
I GOT A S'PRISE FOR YOU LI'L LAMBIE - AND I KNOW YOU'LL LOVE IT!
NC-11
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# Fair Ines

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# FAIR INES.

By THOMAS HOOD.

ILLUSTRATED

*BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER AND W. F. FREER,*

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF GEO. T. ANDREW.

BOSTON:
ESTES AND LAURIAT.

Digitized by Google

*Copyright, 1886,*
BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

Digitized by Google

# FAIR INES.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She 's gone into the West
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
— If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang, Farewell, Farewell,
To her you 've loved so long!

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

WQR 19 FEB '36

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She 's gone into the West
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

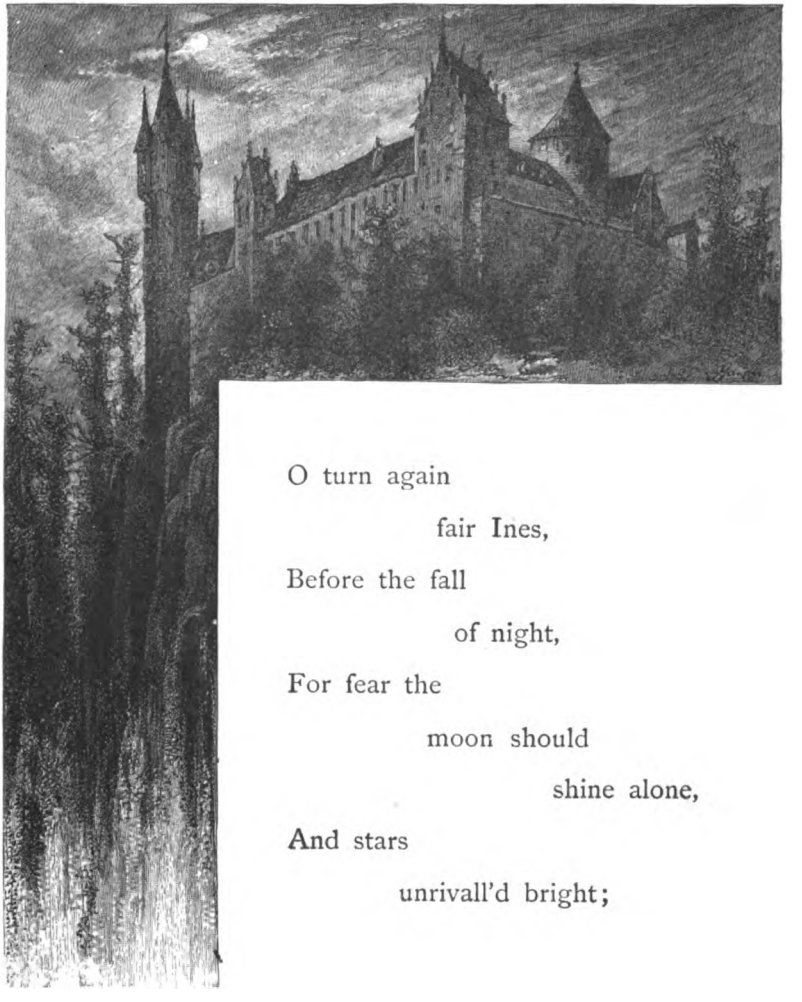
Digitized by Google

She took our daylight with her,

The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



O turn again
fair Ines,
Before the fall
of night,
For fear the
moon should
shine alone,
And stars
unrivall'd bright;

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

And blessed
will the
lover be
That walks
beneath
their light,
And breathes
the love against
thy cheek
I dare not
even write!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Would
I had been,
fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Were there
no bonny
dames
at home,
Or no
true lovers
here,

Digitized by Google

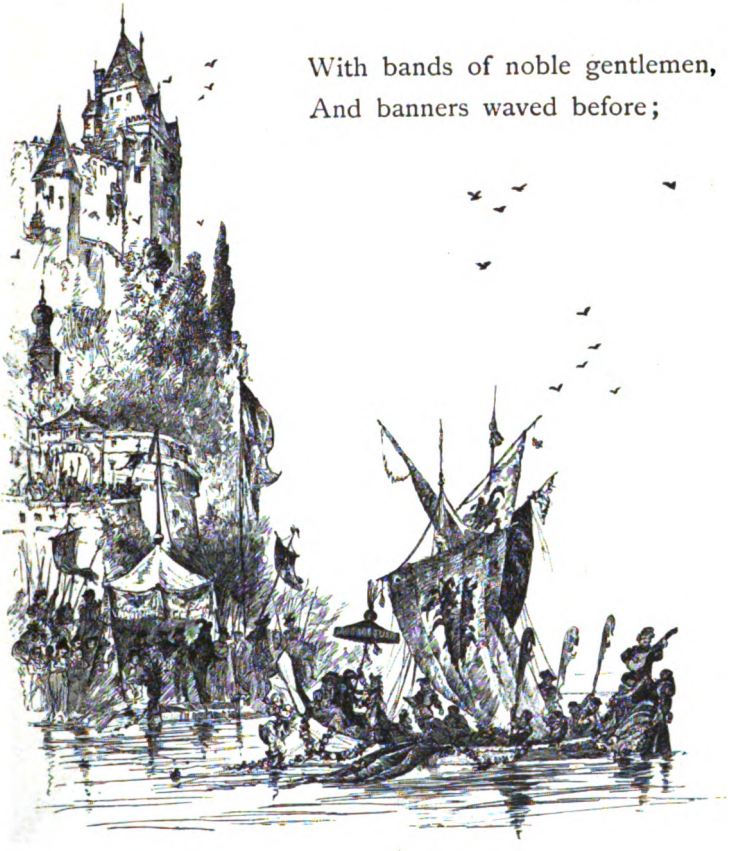
Digitized by Google

That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

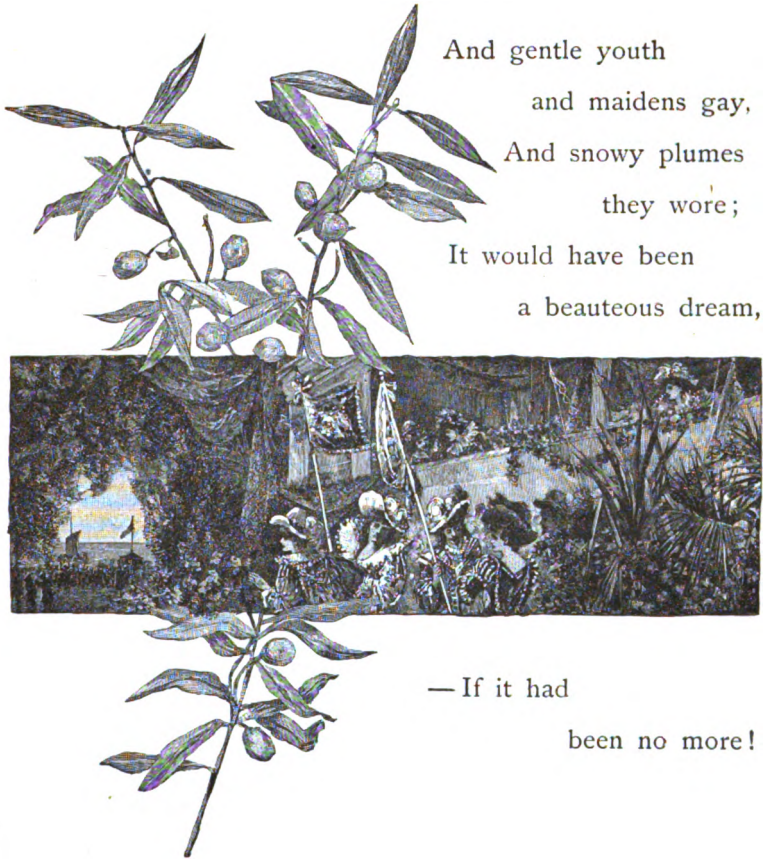
I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,



With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



And gentle youth
and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes
they wore;
It would have been
a beauteous dream,

—If it had
been no more!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Alas,

alas,

fair Ines!

She went

away

with song,

With Music

waiting on

her steps,

And shoutings

of the

throng;

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,

In sounds that sang, Farewell, Farewell,
To her you 've loved so long!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

APR 2 6 1910

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google